

subtle to grasp, yet suddenly become tangible.

"Leel!" She looked up at him from the rustic chair where he had seated her beside him. "It is your turn now; you must tell me of your youth. You have not lived as many lives as I, so you can't have forgotten."

Fuller leaned from the rail to fold her light wrap closer about her throat, his fingers avoiding her flesh when they might easily have caressed it.

"I'll be honest—love was first," he said smilingly, as he regained his balance on the rail. "I'd have been married at eighteen if I could have found the right girl. We were not poor, you see, so I had no need to work, and the little talent I possessed did not develop until after college."

"My ideal was love—love pure and simple. I spent my youth, which lasted until I was twenty-five, in an assiduous, still hunt for the queen of my affections. As luck would have it, I never found her."

"And is that the port you and I were sailing to in your dreams this afternoon? Were you still on the lookout for a woman to love, and was I along to help you find her?"

"It may be," Fuller looked down at her with a curious light in his eyes. "You are such a good friend you would have helped, wouldn't you? I still hug that ideal—I want love, love, love! Somehow I have picked on you as the one to help me find it."

The wrap had slipped from her shoulders again and fallen to the chair. As he restored it to its place, his glance detected the shimmer of a locket tucked under the lace over her bosom.

"I have a suspicion"—he touched the lace over the gold with the tip of his finger—"you are wearing over your heart the remnants of your youthful ideals. Am I right? Is the dead hope of love enclosed in that locket?"

Miss Mason laughed merrily as she drew it from the lace and opened it in the moonlight.

"It may be," she said gaily. "It is a picture of myself, taken at eighteen, and on the very day I left the country."

Lee Fuller stared at the portrait with the blood surging to his face. For the first time in their acquaintance he was showing emotion. Miss Mason held her breath as she watched the play of his features, while his eyes devoured the sweetness and purity of her girlish beauty.

"That is the girl I sought for seven long years," he said finally. "I would have given my life to have met you at eighteen! That is the secret of your grip on me—you are my 'might have been!' God! To think of your experience—the change—the vultures!"

He slipped from the rail and strode up and down the veranda. When he finally came back to her, his hands were moist, his voice tense and vibrant.

"Let us walk on the beach," he said, offering his arm. "The dancers are coming out; they will overrun us in a minute."

They avoided the other couples who

were promenading in the moon light and finished their conversation with an accompaniment by the breakers.

"These lives that you have lived could not have made much impression on the soul of that young girl in your locket," he said as he gripped her hand out near the edge of the water. "She was too innately pure to be sullied deeply. Surface scum may appear on the clearest pool. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Men preserve themselves by strength and women by strategy. I look upon certain women as diplomats maneuvering fate. There is nothing else that they can do—and if a woman remains fastidious, sweet and gentle, the man does not live who should presume to criticize."

"This girl in the locket—" he touched the gold reverently—"she has not eradicated nor annihilated her desire to be loved, and you may not believe it, but you still have her eyes and, I may be mistaken, but I think her heart beats in your bosom. If we could

only sail back now to that starting place—the country home—you might bring back her ideals. As for the experience you have had, she can be shrived of all that—it is an easy process—they call it marriage."

There was no mistaking his meaning now, for he took no trouble to disguise his feelings.

"I love you, Cora," he said as she stared wonderingly up into his eyes. "Suppose we forget the lives you have lived. I am not perfect myself, yet I have never been specially tempted."

"But—the woman spoke steadily as they stood still for a moment—"you are forgetting my reason for making your acquaintance. You were rich and I knew it—I who was once an easy mark, a victim of vultures."

Lee Fuller threw his head back and laughed—apparently at the moon.

"I am marrying the girl in the locket, my dear," he said, "and from now until death she will share my income. That disposes of the matter completely, doesn't it? Now will you

come with me on my sail to the Port of Youth? You must see that I need you if I am to find and keep my loved one!"—Laura Sheldon in Town Topics.

"Now," said the doctor to the young married man, "if you will take this medicine, you will sleep like a baby."

The patient surveyed the prescription doubtfully.

"Well, doctor," he answered, "if you mean like our baby, I guess I won't take it."—New York American.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Mary J. R. West, deceased. Creditors will present claims with vouchers to the undersigned at 312 Walker Bank Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, on or before the first day of September, A. D. 1917.

EDWARD M. WEST, Administrator of the Estate of Mary J. R. West, deceased.

Date of first publication, June 30, A. D. 1917.

BARNES & IVERSON, Attorneys for said Administrator. 6-30-7-28



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